

K. U. GOES DOWN

Washburn Victorious in the Annual Struggle.

One of Hardest Fought Football Games on Record.

THE BEST TEAM WON.

This Was Verdict of Officials and Coaches.

Jake Stahl Commends Work of Washburn's Line.

White's 85 Yard Run Spectacular Feature of Contest.

Garland Stahl (also known as "Jack" Stahl, the well known baseball player) of Chicago, umpire: "Washburn owes her victory, as much as anything else, to the work of the three men in the center of the line, Brethour, Brown and Munford. These were the men who were making trouble for K. U. in punting. Brethour, especially, is a very promising player. He is unusually active, and one of the best pieces of work of the day was when he got into the interference for White's punting. The center is what attracted my attention. I have seen all of the big nine teams play, and within the past two years have watched at games in which all have been represented, and I never saw a more clever handling of the forward pass than was shown by Washburn, when it was first used. Washburn played a better game than Kansas, and won on its merits."

J. C. Masker of the Kansas City Athletic club, referee: "The score shows the relative strength of the teams. Washburn won because it has the best team. The game was a clean one, and I did not see any unnecessary roughness. There was a good deal of what looked like hurdlng in the line, but Washburn, but I believe that this was legitimate, because the runner merely stepped over a prostrate pile to avoid them."

P. B. Samson of Emporia, head linesman: "The teams are very evenly matched, but Washburn certainly had slightly the best of it. It was a good deal of dirty work done, and I am sorry to say that most of it was by certain Kansas university players. Washburn's ends are trained to use their hands too much and hold their opponents."

Coach Weede: "I think that on the showing made Washburn got every bit they deserved. We should have won from Kansas by a large score and they should not have scored at all. I am satisfied with the result. I believe that we have a much better team."

Coach Kennedy: "As I said before the game, all I wanted was to see the best team win. I think that is just what happened and I am not going to whine about it. The fact is Washburn played the best game and deserved to win. The game showed us our weak points and if we are going to win from Nebraska we must go down to the state championship. Washburn has practically won the state championship."

Assistant Coach Brunner: "The result is not what I expected and I hate to think it happened the way it did. I suppose I will have to admit that Washburn won, but I believe that if we had played a little different we would have won. I don't think Washburn has much of a team and I look for the Aggies to win from Washburn."

Captain Rouse: "I had hoped to win this game, as I was anxious to see Kansas win at least the state championship while I have the captaincy of the team. It makes a person feel better. But I guess it is all over now."

Washburn 12, Kansas university 5; this is the short story of a football game which, by the unanimous consent of Washburn and Kansas, is being placed in history as the high water mark of athletic exultation.

Saturday, November 2, 1907, was a glorious autumn day. The bright sunshine mellowed the crisp northern breeze, and the gridiron at Washburn athletic field, soaked by the recent rains, had dried to the perfection of spring firmness which the rainy season call "lightning fast." By 1 o'clock in the afternoon, the street cars for Washburn were crowded, and the big grandstands were well filled and the crowd was pouring through the gates in the park as fast as the ticket takers could collect the pasteboards.

On the east side of the field, tier upon tier, rose the well-drilled rosters of the Rock Chalk band. For an hour before the game they were pouring forth a tremendous volume of scientific and musical volleys of Rock Chalk; they had fired Rock Chalk by platoons, by regiments, by broadsides. They had drilled it in unison; they had ripped it off to railroad time; and led by their band of 35 pieces, they had waved the banners of red and blue and roared out the melody of the Boole. "Why don't you yell!" they had shouted in derision across the gridiron to the Washburn students and sympathizers in the west grandstand.

Washburn was a little slow in getting down to business. Their band was late in arriving. Their rosters were more scattered, and they held their fire.

At 2:30, the Washburn team appeared on the field. There the blue and white of the west grandstand stood up and made the fence boards rattled with the wild howl of "Washburn! Washburn! Washburn!" (Tiger) W-a-s-h-b-u-r-n.

Five minutes later, the K. U. squad came marching through the gate, a massive column of gladiators, and as they passed the K. U. grandstand, they went into camp on the sidelines, they were given a welcome which, gauged by noise, was fairly sizzling in its cordiality.

Little time was wasted in preliminaries. The officials, imported from neutral ports at large expense, were on hand, the coin was tossed, and K. U. won. This gave the Jayhawkers the north goal and the breeze.

After the teams lined up there was a dispute about the eligibility of Porter, the K. U. half back, whose name was not sent down on the list of eligible students, as required by rule. On this technicality, K. U. refused to play for Washburn two years ago, but Washburn yielded the point in behalf of Porter, as it yielded the same point once before in 1905.

"Ready Kansas? Ready Washburn?" shouted Masker, the referee. "R-r-r-r!" The game was on.

stage fright, lost heavily on attempted forward pass, punted poorly, and lost the ball on a fumble. On defense, however, the home team was strong, and Kansas resorted to a kicking game. Almost before the spectators realized what had happened, Boles fumbled a punt on the Washburn goal line, and before he could recover the ball, Miller, the K. U. halfback, was on it, and it was a touchdown for K. U. Milton missed a rather easy goal, and the score was 5 to 0.

At this stage in the game it would have been easy to get bets of 2 to 1 that K. U. would win. Washburn was humiliating its friends by its poor form.

The Kansas rooters were jubilant. Visions of a 20 to 0 victory arose before them, and they were intoxicated with joy. Coach Weede of Washburn paced up and down the side lines, breaking a stick to pieces between his nervous hands, and swearing softly to himself. The weeks of hard work which he had done seemed to have gone to waste.

But the cheering in the Washburn grandstand was scarcely less tumultuous than the howls of triumph from the K. U. side, and Washburn's warriors began to rally. Millice punted terrifically, and in spite of Angney's brilliant work in returning punts, Washburn took out the ball on Kansas' 27 yard line. A very scaly forward pass and a recovered punt took the ball to Washburn's 5-yard line. But Washburn's splendid defense then held and K. U. lost the ball on downs. Another very fuky forward pass took the ball back to Washburn's 10-yard line. After trying vainly to negotiate a touchdown, much-touted Porter into the game. Porter is the man whose reputation as a football player depends on his kicking stunts. "Now," said the K. U. rooters, "we will have a field goal, and that will make it 5 to 0." It was an easy goal. Porter missed it.

Then commenced a punting duel between Porter and Millice. Reputation failed to save Porter. At every exchange K. U. was forced further and further back into its own territory. Finally Washburn got the ball on Kansas' 27 yard line. Slam, bang went Williams and Platt through the line. Then came a fake try for a field goal, which proved to be a forward pass in disguise, and Washburn was on the five yard line. "Hold 'em, Kansas—hold 'em Kansas!" wailed the K. U. bleachers. "Tea 'em up, Washburn—tea 'em up, Washburn," came the answer, shrieking back across the field. The Kansas team, almost demoralized by excitement and the danger which menaced their goal, fell easy victims to Washburn's next play—a forward pass from Hope to Millice, and "Big Blondie," the Washburn punter, hunched across the Kansas goal for a touchdown.

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breaking loose. It broke just at this stage of the game. But it was top-mid-ed pandemonium. The graveyard wasn't in it with K. U. for making a noise like death. When Hope punted out and then kicked goal, the Washburn bleachers were a seething, boiling, billowing, dancing mass of blue and white, garnished with indescribable noise. Washburn was one point to the good.

That about ended it for the first half. Porter, the wonder, tried another easy field goal and missed it. It was 23 for Mr. Porter. He ceased to be an object of terror.

Between the Halves. They threw themselves down by the south fence, that bunch of Washburn football heroes, while up and down along the line hurried the coach, praising, exhorting, encouraging. "Keep it up! Keep it up!" he said. "You've got 'em beat! Get your man every time. You're doing all right, I tell you—give down!"

One of the big linemen, torn and bloody, was talking like a crazy man. "Beat 'em? We got to beat 'em. They can't by god—just let me hit that d—line!" and he slammed his headgear on the ground and wiped the blood out of his eyes. "Don't pay any attention to him," said one of the fleet-footed backfield men, grinning through his sweat and grime at the bloody linesman. "He's playing like a devil, that's all, and all he knows is this game. Just let him sweat and then watch him in the second half."

Out in the center of the field, in front of the K. U. bleachers, the Jayhawkers were gathered in a little knot, covered with blanket and sweat-soaked. Around them swarmed a crowd of students, coaches and alumni. A few of the subs were warming up by rolling the ball, while the sponge men were busy washing cuts and slashes and applying adhesive plaster.

"You men in the line must get lower," the coach was saying. "They are getting through there somehow. You can beat that outfit, but you have to come back harder in this half than you were going before. Charge harder, and bust up those punts!"

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After these two tries at field goal, the back of the Lawrence camel broke. Only once during the remainder of the game did Kansas try to gain from scrimmage. They always punted on the first down. Millice had Porter down and out at every exchange, and but for Angney's brilliant work in running back punts, Washburn might have picked up more scores. About the middle of the half, Angney was hurt and had to be replaced by Steele. This is the first time Angney has ever had to quit a game. A few minutes later occurred the most dazzling piece of work of the day.

White's 85 Yard Run. This was when White, who had replaced Boles at the beginning of the second half, caught a punt on Washburn's 25-yard line and came flying down the field. White dodged a couple of men, and then "picked up" the punt. He was on the 10-yard line. Williams took White along 20 yards before he dropped out, and then Millice took his place. Millice "got" two clear of tacklers, and steered White was K. U.'s last hope. Meantime big "Shag" Brethour had come across lots from the other side of the field, and he gave Mr. Steele such a busy five seconds that White gaily trotted across the K. U. goal line and laid the ball exactly half way between the goal posts.

Of course there is no use trying to tell what the Washburn rooters did then. Strong men fairly wept for joy. Girls danced up and down, and hugged everybody, male or female, within easy reach. Hats were hurled into the air, and the owners didn't care whether they ever got them again or not. If the first touchdown had caused pandemonium, the second created a regular Roosevelt family of pandemonium; a condition of pandemonium which almost resulted in congestion of the yelling apparatus, and left the Washburn crowd with no means to express their feelings except to grow red in the face and show signs of apoplexy. It is awful to be a rooter under such circumstances.

The rest of the game was just punt, punt. Washburn was satisfied; it was willing to play a defensive game. Neither side made a real strong, businesslike effort to score. Brief Analysis of the Play. Kansas had counted on winning the game through Porter's superiority as a punter and field goal kicker. When Porter failed to deliver the goods, the case of Kansas was hopeless.

It can be stated with absolute fairness that in only one department of the game was Washburn outplayed, and that was in handling punts, kick-offs and quarterback kicks. Exclusive of George White's one return of 85 yards, Washburn's K. U.'s average return of kicks was 16 yards, while Washburn's was only 9. In a game where each side kicked more than 30 times, this would give K. U. an average of over 200 yards. While White's one 85 yard return of a punt brought Washburn a touchdown, Boles' fumble of a punt was Kansas' first score. Angney was the man who did the big end of Kansas' work in returning punts.

The result of the punting battle was as follows: Millice punted 27 times for 1,012 yards, an average of 37 1/2 yards. Porter and Angney punted 23 times for 963 yards, an average of 42 1/2 yards. Angney punted better than Porter, for in the first half, the average of K. U.'s punts was nearly 35 yards, while in the second half, when Porter did all the punting, it was only 23 yards.

It should be remembered that Millice's average of 37 1/2 yards is measured from the line of scrimmage, while Porter's and Angney's average of 42 1/2 yards is measured about 10 yards back of the line of scrimmage, which would mean that Millice's punting about 50 yards at each attempt. The distance gained in what is called "the line" from the line of scrimmage was very small for both teams. In the first half Washburn gained 138 yards, and Kansas 122 yards. In the second half, which was a punting game, Washburn gained 70 yards and K. U. 57. Washburn, however, suffered more loss of ground from yard pass penalties and lost more ground with the ball than did K. U. Subtracting the loss of 150 yards and K. U. a net gain of 134 yards.

Washburn tried the forward pass 10 times, and K. U. tried it five times. Twice K. U. gained heavily on very fluky passes, but the passing game was recovered by good luck. One clean gain of 18 yards was made, once the pass was 20 yards, and once it was 15 yards. Washburn was penalized twice on the forward pass, once for a slipperly field, and the first touchdown was directly due to two forward passes, both of them short.

Washburn's total penalties were eighty yards, while K. U.'s footed up to only 30 yards. Washburn's ends were twice penalized for holding.

There was about \$250 put up in bets at Engle's cigar store before the game, and it is likely that \$5,000 more was posted at various other places about town and among individuals. This is an unusual amount of betting for a football game in Topeka, where sports and betting men brought about \$1,000 with them when they arrived Saturday morning, and this was all taken by the time the game was over. It would have been easy to cover this money, but comparatively few Topeka people knew that the money was there.

All previous records for attendance was broken by this game. The gross receipts were \$2,750. There were about 200 complimentary tickets issued to officials, band members, etc., and about 300 student tickets out. Including the people who stand in over or under the fence, the attendance at the game was at least 3,500, which is about 1,000 above the record.

The work of the officials was above criticism, and pleased both teams. There was not a sign of a protest from either side. Washburn got all the worst of the penalties, but Coach Weede expressed himself as satisfied with the decisions. There was a lot of rough playing on the part of "Tuh" Reed, the 240-pound K. U. guard, and by one or two other K. U. players, but the officials failed to inflict penalties.

There were a number of players injured. Hank Knuckels, left tackle, was hurt, and White also was hurt some, but they all were able to attend a party Saturday night. Angney, the best man on the K. U. team, got a badly wrenched knee which may keep him out of the Nebraska game. Players on both sides had a good many ankle. Physical injuries were not what hurt K. U. the worst, however. The stinging rain, which fell several times during the game, and the cold, were what hurt them.

The Lineup.

Washburn. Positions. Kansas. Quarterback.....Angney and Steele. Boles, White and.....Miller and Steele. Millice.....right half.....Steele and Porter. Williams.....left half.....Porter and Porter. Officials: Dr. J. C. Masker, K. U. referee; Garland Stahl, Illinois, umpire; P. B. Samson, State Normal, Emporia, line judge; J. M. Barrett, Swarthmore, field judge; Tim of halves 35 minutes. Touchdowns—Millice and White. Washburn's goal, Kansas. Goals from touchdowns—Hope 5.

Chicago 18, Minnesota 12.

Minnesota City, Nov. 4.—Stags' maroon clad gridiron warriors defeated the University of Minnesota team by the score of 18 to 12 and won back the title which the Giants of the north so unconsciously snatched away from them one year ago. The Maroons downed the Gophers in a game that will go down in football history as one without a peer for real brilliancy and resourcefulness. The Maroons' Chicago's great eleven surpassed even itself and failed in but one point to take advantage of its opportunities.

On the east side of the field, tier upon tier, rose the well-drilled rosters of the Rock Chalk band. For an hour before the game they were pouring forth a tremendous volume of scientific and musical volleys of Rock Chalk; they had fired Rock Chalk by platoons, by regiments, by broadsides. They had drilled it in unison; they had ripped it off to railroad time; and led by their band of 35 pieces, they had waved the banners of red and blue and roared out the melody of the Boole. "Why don't you yell!" they had shouted in derision across the gridiron to the Washburn students and sympathizers in the west grandstand.

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Out in the center of the field, in front of the K. U. bleachers, the Jayhawkers were gathered in a little knot, covered with blanket and sweat-soaked. Around them swarmed a crowd of students, coaches and alumni. A few of the subs were warming up by rolling the ball, while the sponge men were busy washing cuts and slashes and applying adhesive plaster.

"You men in the line must get lower," the coach was saying. "They are getting through there somehow. You can beat that outfit, but you have to come back harder in this half than you were going before. Charge harder, and bust up those punts!"

And then the whistle blew. They were at it again.

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